



THE

Servitour :



P O E M.



THE

SECRETION



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THE
Servitour:
A
POEM.

*Written by a Servitour of the
University of Oxford,*

AND

*Faithfully taken from his Own
Original Copy, &c.*

L O N D O N,

nted, and Sold by H. Hills in Black-
Fryars, near the Water-side, 1709.

THE
SERVANTS:



POEM

A history of a Servant at the
University of Oxford

AND

A complete paper from the
Original Copy

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THE SERVITOUR: POEM.

When Rhea show with warmest Rays,
 And shortned Nights, to lengthen Days;
 left Old Chem, and Mother Grant-a,
 To see the Wonders Fame did Chant-a;
 Of Oxford Act; and Doctors banter'd;
 A Master that Expulsion ventur'd;
 and took in hand a Case perilous,
 like all undaunted Terry-film;
 Like Bullies leavin' a Cottol

Brought by a Friend to their Theatre,

I mind t' have burst my Sides with Laughter,

But Atoms strong from mellow Toes,

In Squadrons came t' assaile my Nose ;

And Arm-pits rank, with Udders swelling,

Did make us Curse our Sence of Smelling.

Then Breath of Crowd did cause a Heat,

Which put us into such a Sweat ;

That all being o'er, my Friend and I

Adjourn'd with Tavern very dry.

From Fogg's Theatre, I declare.

We scarce were got to thinner Air,

When to my wond'ring Eye appear'd,

Emerging from a Skittle-Yard, with bna

An o'er-grown Looby, with Arms danglibg, ital

And Pendant Noddy like a Changling, with set o

With Cap in form of Cow-Turd stinkin, lxo 10

Like Cheesey-Pouch of Show-up-Sbenkin, with

His Sandy Locks, with wide Hairs, in doo

Like Bristles seem'd Erected at his

Blowgs;



Clotted

Clotted with Sweat, the Ends hingg Down; & so
 And made Resplendent Cape of Gown; now so
 Whose Cape was thin, and so Transparent, so
 Hold it by Light, you'd scarce beware on't.
 'Twixt Chin and Breast contiguous Band, so
 Hung in an Obtuse Angle, so
 It had a Latitude of Canonick, so
 And was as short as Stile Laconick,
 His Coat so greasy was, and so
 That had you seen it, you'd have sworn,
 'Twas Ten Years old when he was born.
 His Buttons fring'd, as is the Fashion,
 In Gallick and Britannick Nation:
 Or, to speak like more Modern fellows,
 Their Moulds dropt out like ripe Brown-shellers,
 His Leathern Galligaskins rent, so
 Made Artless Musicks as he went, so
 Thro' Past in Dire, as black as Dire,
 Hung ragged Piece of shitten Shirt, so

His Holey Stockins were by'd up with
 One with a Band, one with a Rope,
 Amaz'd at such a Sight, I cry'd,
 What Scoundrel's that! My Friend reply'd,
 A Thousand like him you may see
 About the University, sign'd in at the
 What! don't you know a Servitour?
 A Servitour, said I, I'll swear
 I took him for some Natural,
 Or Idiot, from an Hospital,
 Rather than Schollar.—Why! he's none,
 Says he, although he wears a Gown,
 But let us to *King's-Head* repair,
 Where o'er a Bottle you shall hear
 In General, their Character.
 We went, and Damer in we rung,
 Brought good as e'er was tipt o'er Tongue,
 Then after two or three good Draughts
 To quench our Thirst, and moisten Throats,

My Friend began to tell his Story; nob'le on't
 Which is, as I shall lay before ye; No more i' the world no
 Some Husbandman aspiring high, When Five Years past he
 Who scorns each paltry Dignity, The Dignity o' the World,
 Thinks Clerk o' th' Parish, or Church-Warden, His place of Dignity.
 Or Constable, not worth a Farthing; And prides him self:
 Tho' he has scarce a Rag his Arse-on, But, piece a t'ime, you
 Resolves to make his Son a Parson. When this poor boy
 To Free-School then he sends him strait, Underdoo'd, to the Master
 Where Latin's got at cheapest Rate: I've forty Books, but this is
 The Boy with Dinner in a Basket. He's fit for
 And Butter-milk for drink in Flasket; May come to
 A Mile or two each Morn must Trudge-it, When one
 With Satchel like a Tinker's Budget. He'll give you
 The Lad with Memory, more than Sence, And so on
 Do's soon run through his Accidence; By the way, he
 Within perhaps a Twelve-month more, To use good
 He'll say you all his Grammar o're; You know I do
 Repeat you Verses till you're weary, However I do
 As fast as Monk his Ay, Mary; Tell it is I taughting him
 Tho'

Tho' he don't understand one word on't,
 No more than if he ne'er had heard on't.
 When Five years longer he has tumbled
 The Dictionary, and hard Words rumbled,
 His Father comes to Buttock-tirker,
 And brings a Present to the Jerker:
 'Zur, here's a Pig—I hope my Son
 Minds his Book, gwo's bravely on:
 Indeed, Good Roger, says the Master,
 I've forty Boys, but none learn fatter;
 He's fit for Oxford: now your Dick
 May come to get a Bishoprick.
 When once he's enter'd Servitour,
 He'll live for little or nothing there.
 And zoa he'd need, reply'd the Clown,
 By'r Lady he's cost me many a Crown
 To maken a Schoffard; for I boughten
 A Pow'r-a Books he'zed you taughten:
 Howe'er I do' ne Grudge what's gwon,
 For it is Learning makes the Mon.
 'on'

Since

Since he's such a ~~Parlous~~ Peccad'ry's word
 Chil zend 'en to the ~~Vassalid~~ Vassalit,
 I'm not so Prodigal to with it,
 That my Zon ~~Dick~~ Mould be a Bishop.
 If he can get Prevarment here,
 Or Zeven or Eight ~~Pounds~~ a Year,
 To preach and sell a Cup of Beer
 To help it out, he'll get good Profit,
 And make a pratty Business of it.
 Bless me, said I! are Servitours
 Made of such Rude unpolisht Curs?
 Yes, says he—~~or of several Brothers,~~
 If one's more stupid than the others;
 Disabled, and by Nature made
 Uncapable of any Trade
 The Father cries, though he's an Oafe,
 He'll make a Parson good enough.
 By Carrier then, the lumpy Drone
 Is brought to Oxford, puts on Gowd

Which

Which, howt becomes him, you may know,
 By him you saw a while ago,
 Exalted with his new Promotion,
 For he conceiv'd a mighty Notion
 Of th' Honour t' which He should attain
 By living amongst Gentlemen;
 Who ne'er before did any know,
 Except his Landlord 'twas, or so
 He struts, pulls off his Cap to no-Man;
 And to conceal, betrays the Plow-man;
 But checkt for's Insolent Behaviour;
 And fearing to be out of Favour,
 He is as much on t'other side,
 And bids farewell to short-liv'd Pride
 Which, Fart like, came from dung-sounded, and dy'd
 His Duty h'as so much Regard of,
 He'll Cap a Master twenty Yards off;
 To whom such Fear is him upon, Sir;
 When spoken to, he dares not Answer.

I' th' Morn when call'd to Prayer-Bell, on il'ed sad
 Doleful to him as Rassing-Knells, —
 From Garret lofty he descends
 By Laddex, which dire Fate portends;
 Half-wak'd, not having half his Nap,
 Yawning he comes into the Chapter—
 —pel, with his Hoof his Heels abou'd;
 And one, through haste, the wrong-side out.
 Prayers are, perhaps, in Greek or Latin,
 (Faith I can't bring a Rhime for that in,) —
 Which h' understands no more than if
 He came from Pike of Teneriff.
 This done, to Lecture he must go
 To learn Rules Dialectick, tho'
 That Labour's vain; for after all,
 He is so meer an Animal —
 Himself, he can't prove Rational;
 He's so profound a Politician,
 And of so mild a Disposition,

That

That he'll never come to Disputation,
 'Cause Quarrels run amiss
 'Bout Dinner-time down comes the Lubber,
 When's Belly (hungry Dog) cries Cubb'd,
 To get a Mess of Broth in the Kitchin,
 Where he sees Dainties so bewitching,
 As Turkies, Capons, Ribs of Beef,
 No wonder if he plays the Thief,
 And, like a Fox, to Powl insidious,
 When Cook has turn'd his Back, perfidous-
 ly — whips off Liver, or a Gizzard,
 From pinion'd Wing of Bird; for 'tis hard
 To suffer Tantalus his Fate,
 To see, and smell, and yet not eat.
 Poor Scraps, and Cold, as I'm a Sinner,
 Being all that he can get for Dinner.
 Once out of Curiosity,
 What Lodging th' had, I needs must see;
 A Room with Dirt, and Cobwebs lin'd,
 Which here and there with Spittle shin'd;

Inha-

inhabited, let's see —
If I mistake not, 'twas no common
Two Buggy-beds, had ~~had~~ ^{had} ~~had~~ ^{had} ~~had~~ ^{had} ~~had~~ ^{had}
And but one Chamber-Pot, ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~and~~ ^{and}
Their Dormer Windows with Brown-paper, ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~and~~ ^{and}
Was patch'd to keep out Nasberry Mapple-Wood.
The Tables broken, ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~and~~ ^{and}
An Old Schreyerdine Lexicon plus ~~plus~~ ^{plus} ~~plus~~ ^{plus} ~~plus~~ ^{plus} ~~plus~~ ^{plus}
Here lay together, Authors various, ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~and~~ ^{and}
from Homer's Iliads, to Gordelion's ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~the~~ ^{the}
And so abus'd was Aristotle,
He only serv'd to stop a Bottle,
Or light a Pipe, of which were many,
On Chimney-piece, instead of Cheney ;
Where eke stood Glass, Dark-Lanthorns ancient,
Fragment of Mirre, Pen-knife, Trencher,
And forty things which I can't mention.
Old Chairs and Stools, and such-like Lumber,
Compleatly furnisht bout the Chamber.

Such

Such Plagues, I cry'd,
 Avert ye Gods, from Clever Doggs;
 And may they fall on Silly Rogues,
 My Friend reply'd.

A Clever Servitor's a Fiction,
 The Words imply a Contradiction:
 For think of all you see in Fools,
 Meer Bumpkins, and the meudent Scous;

Ridiculous, and will concur,
 In this its Center, Servitor.



~~Such a good Clever Servitor is indeed~~

Agreement of Miner-Pen-Pal-Triumpher
 And your shuncks which I can't manage
 O' Chippend-biace, infexed of Chesea;

~~Such a good Clever Servitor is indeed~~

Fond Name of Queenie